Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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OLD CLUBFOOT.

Career of the Biggest and Ugliest Grizzly Ever Killed.

"I OFFERED one hundred dollars in cash for a grizzly bear-skin out in Tehama County, Cal., a couple of weeks ago," said A. C. Jaquin, a buyer for a New York fur house, "and although the man who owned it had already received five hundred dollars for killing the bear that wore the skin, he refused to accept my offer. There was nothing in the quality of the skin that gave it value. Its extraordinary size was what made me want it. The skin came off of what was undoubtedly the biggest bear that was ever killed on this continent. I did not see the bear, for it had been killed two or three weeks before I got out there, and I rode twenty miles on horseback to see the skin, which was about all the people along Battle creek were talking about just then. The head had been cut from the skin, which reduced its length by two feet, but as it was it measured nearly twelve feet in length. From tip to tip of the outstretched paws, the width was fifteen feet. Standing erect on its hind feet the bear must have been at least seventeen feet high, and walking on all fours he was almost five feet tall. Such a monster couldn't have been a very pleasant object to meet in the woods, and, as the story goes out along Battle creek, at least five men had met that bear during its career in the region, and never came back to tell of it.

"The bear had a singular deformity in a regular club foot, whether from birth or caused by accident was not known, and had been called for twenty years 'Old Clubfoot' by the farmers of Tehama County and other parts of Northern California, where he had for all these years been a terror to the people, carrying off not only swine and sheep, but full-grown cattle. One farmer told me that this bear had caused loss to the amount of many thousands of dollars in that way in Tehama County alone, to say nothing of the human lives he was alleged to have taken. For ten years a price had been on his head, five hundred dollars reward being offered by the farmers to any one who would run Old Clubfoot down and kill him. It was in trying to earn this reward that the five men were supposed to have sacrificed themselves at different times to the grizzly terror, as they had gone out with the intention of killing the bear, and never returned. The grizzly had outwitted the smartest of the old-time bear-killers of that country, and seemed to carry a charmed life. He would be seen or heard of one day at a certain locality, and the next day would put in an appearance at a place fifty miles away. No traps nor guns nor devices of any kind seemed to be equal to the cunning old cripple, and he continued to scourge northern California with impunity.

"Whether this great bear was responsible or not for the disappearance of the five men he was charged with having killed, there was no doubt that he did kill one of them, for he was seen to do it by two witnesses, trustworthy men still living on Battle creek. These men are William Blackwell and John Rice, stock farmers. The man they saw Old Clubfoot kill was a noted bear hunter named Hiram Hollywood. The bear had been prowling around the Blackwell farm for several days, and

FIGHTING THE BEAR WITH A LONG-BLADED KNIFE.

had killed a number of young cattle. Hollywood lived in an adjoining county, and Blackwell sent word for him to come over and see whether he couldn't be a match for Old Clubfoot. It was in November, six years ago. Hollywood went to Blackwell's, and with Blackwell and his neighbor, Farmer Rice, started out after the big bear. They came in sight of him in a wild and rocky place high in the mountains. He entered a thick growth of willows, which hid him from sight. The two farmers were frightened so by the awful appearance of the enormous grizzly that they would not go any nearer the spot where the bear was hiding, and they were not yet within gun-shot of it. Hollywood went on alone and entered the willows. The report of his rifle was soon heard, but only once. Blackwell and Rice could hear the fierce growls and snappings of the grizzly, and knew that Hollywood must have been forced into a hand-to-hand fight with the bear. In spite of their fear they hurried forward to be of aid to the hunter, but before they reached the willows out came Hollywood, retreating backward from the bear, which was erect on its hind feet, and towered far above the hunter, who was covered with blood. He was fighting the bear with a long-bladed hunting-knife. The place where the struggle was going on was an unfortunate one for Hollywood. On one side of the willows, with only a space of a few feet between it and the copse, was a ledge that dropped sheer for twenty-five feet, while on the other side the mountain rose abruptly. The bear was backing the hunter directly toward the edge of the ledge, and he did not seem to be aware of his danger in that direction, so busy was he trying to save himself from the fury of the bear. Blackwell and Rice shouted to Hollywood to warn him of his double peril, but he either did not hear them or did not understand them, for he kept working toward the ledge. He plunged his knife every second, almost into the bear up to the hilt, but, although blood poured from the wounds thus made, the knife did not reach the vitals, so thick was the grizzly's shield of hide and fat. Neither of Hollywood's companions dared shoot at the bear, as they were afraid of hitting the hunter. But intent on saving the man if poisible, they ran forward to attack the bear and draw it away from the imperiled hunter. They could not get there in time. Hollywood, one arm broken by a blow from the bear's paw, one side of his face torn away by the animal's claws, and half-blinded by blood, seemed to discover his danger from the ledge just as he backed to its edge. He attempted to turn and save himself, but it was too late. Seeing that he must fall over the precipice, he dropped the knife and, leaping into the air, threw his arm tightly around the bear's neck. Both hunter and bear went over the rocks. When Blackwell and Rice reached the edge of the ledge they saw Hollywood lying in a heap at the foot of the rocks. The grizzly was limping away toward the woods. The two farmers emptied their guns without any apparent effect into the retreating monster. He kept on his way, walking on

BOTH HUNTER AND BEAR WENT OVER THE ROCK.

three feet, his right foreleg having been broken by the fall over the ledge. The farmers went around to the foot of the rocks and found Hollywood dead and frightfully mangled. They found his gun in the willows, broken in two at the stock. It was supposed that the bear had rushed upon Hollywood before he was aware of its proximity, and he had not been able to fire more than once before the grizzly knocked the gun out of his hands and forced him to the defense that had ended so disastrously.

"After the tragic ending of that hunt Old Clubfoot was not seen again for a long time, and it was hoped by all, and believed by many, that the wounds poor Hollywood had inflicted on the bear had been fatal to the grizzly. But the hope was baseless, for the dreaded bear put in an appearance in the same locality a year later, and he had been having pretty much his own way on Battle creek, in spite of the big price on his head, when he was discovered one day a few weeks ago by a trapper and hunter named Jim Hendrix in an old stubble field, enjoying itself hunting field mice, a seemingly insignificant recreation for an animal that could carry off a yearling bull, but a favorite pastime with grizzlies. Hendrix had probably sent more lead after and into Old Clubfoot during all the year the bear had run things in that region than any other man along the creek, and he says that he felt it in his bones that day that he was going to bag the big beast there and then. He crept stealthily up in the bushes until he was within twenty feet of the club-footed bear without the grizzly suspecting his presence. Hendrix took sure aim and sent a bullet plumb in the great bear's right eye. The grizzly sprang like a flash to an erect position on his hind feet, gave a loud snort of rage and pain, and fell like a tree to the ground, and Old Clubfoot's days were numbered.

"When the news of the killing of the bear got around, the farmers had a day's public rejoicing. The five hundred dollars was paid to Hendrix. He found eleven bullets of different shapes and sizes in various parts of the bear when he dressed it, all of them encysted, showing that they had been carried about by Old Clubfoot for years. The figures they gave me as to the weight of the bear seemed incredible to me, but they declared that they were true—2,300 pounds. The largest grizzly I ever heard of before this one weighed 1,500 pounds, and was considered a mammoth in that region of mammoth grizzlies, Manitoba."—N. Y. Sun.

Strange Varieties of Crabs.

In Bermuda the soldier crab carries heavy shells up the hills to puzzle future geologists. Another species climbs the mangrove trees. A shore crab in the Cape Verde islands may "be seen running along like a piece of paper blown by a strong wind." In Ascension island there are crabs which "climb up to the top of Green mountain, and the larger ones steal the young rabbits from their holes and devour them." The famous robber crab of the Philippines, that cracks and eats cocoanuts, is itself routed out of its hole and feasted on by the wild swine.—Christian at Work.

THE tired-out farm horse complains that there never was a tired-out farm horse put in statuary. The hardest-worked farmer seldom has a tombstone.

THE DAIRY.

—Feed all kinds of grain in tight boxes.

—Color of milk is of more account than color of cow.

—Milk your cows clean if you would have them milk long.

—When gently used, the curry-comb and brush are just as needful for milch cows as they are for work horses.

—To make dairying a paying and profitable business one can not afford to overlook the feeding value of skim milk.

—System is the soul of success in the dairy or any place else. Work should be systematically planned so that there should be a regularly appointed time for doing each thing. Work well planned is well begun, and well begun is half done.

—When cows eat decayed wood and old bones it indicates indigestion or insufficient nutrition. A bran mash with a teaspoonful of ginger and twice as much salt in it, will relieve the cows, and give them a healthful appetite.—N. Y. Times.

—"Chemists," says a contemporary, "tell us that cows fed on bran make richer manure than when fed on oats or corn meal," and then wants to know whether this fact, if it is a fact, is a point for or against the bran. Taking it pound for pound in the open market we believe milk is more valuable than manure, though in the judgment of many scientists this rule is reversed.—American Dairyman.

—Winter dairying requires something more than ordinary methods in order to insure success. Some of the more important requisites are given below: Intelligent and liberal feeding. Not only must the cows be well fed but properly fed. It is easier to make a cow grow fat in the winter than it is to make her give milk. Winter dairymen have found that it is important that their cows must have plenty of nitrogenous food.—Western Rural.

HINTS ON FEEDING.

How Care Helps to Increase the Productiveness of Dairy Animals.

Farmers should use the scales more than they do and note the gain of their young stock from time to time. Most farmers are convenient enough to stock scales to weigh their growing stock occasionally, and thus not only learn much themselves, but if the results were published make them instructive to others.

I am now raising a grade Norman colt that was foaled in August, 1888. When weaned, at four months old, it weighed 350 pounds. I then fed it for 100 days and found it weighed 460 pounds. It ran on a blue grass pasture until November, when I found that it had gained, since March, 320 pounds, and its weight was 780 pounds. A breeder of Norman horses, who looked at him recently, says he will make a horse that will weigh over 1,600 pounds when grown. I do not feed this colt much corn, but in very cold weather he gets an ear or two a day. I feed bran, oats and carrots, with bright corn fodder, in fact, the kind of food that develop his frame rather than makes him fat. I consider this very important with all young animals, but especially so with a colt that is raised for muscle and not for meat.

Some years ago, before I had studied this question of foods, I became the owner of a fine thoroughbred short-horn calf. It was dropped in October, and I determined to show the neighbors what feed would do. I taught the calf to eat shelled corn before it was a month old, and by the time it was three months old it would eat three large ears three times a day. In April, when it was six months old, it weighed 400 pounds, and was fat enough for the butcher. In that month I turned it on a good blue-grass pasture and expected a great gain, but it did not thrive, and six months later I found that it had gained but 175 pounds. With a warm stable and the best of care it gained but sixty-five pounds during the next six months and weighed only 640 pounds at eighteen months of age. Although it did better the next summer it was never thrifty, and when thirty months old weighed but 1,000 pounds.

A few years ago I had four nice, young cattle, coming 2 years old, which I weighed in the fall and wintered two of them in a warm stable, and the other two in the barnyard, with no shelter but a straw stack. The cattle in the stable gained 100 pounds each, while those wintered in the barnyard weighed just the same in the spring that they did the previous autumn, although they were fed exactly alike. These cattle were fed grain twice a day all winter, and as there were no stronger cattle to drive them away they could get under the edge of the stack so as to keep comparatively comfortable. The thousands of cattle wintered without even a straw stack to shelter them, and that sleep and eat on the frozen ground, exposed to rain and snow, usually show a loss of many pounds instead of any gain. I wish to add that it is some years since I have wintered an animal out of doors. I would sooner give it away than go so again.

It seems to me that there is no one thing that will do farmers so much good as to give them a thorough knowledge of the effects of different foods on animals. Fortunately the agricultural press and the institutes are doing much to educate them in this line. But with all that has been taught during the last ten years there are still thousands of farmers who think bran "mighty poor feed," and whose calves, colts and pigs get no other grain than corn from one year's end to another. When, as is often the case, the cholera sweeps away a herd of corn-raised hogs the owner is apt to attribute it to bad luck. It is the worst kind of bad luck to be ignorant, and it is bad luck to be careless and indifferent. I do not follow the moon theory in farming, but I know it is bad luck for the moon to "shine through the cracks of a rail fence on cattle from November to March," and since I come to think about it, we farmers have "a powerful sight" of bad luck that we might escape by being more intelligent and painstaking. We ought to do every thing that we do as well as we know how or can learn how, and when we do this our bad luck will begin to disappear.—Waldo F. Brown, in Philadelphia Press.

GRANDPA LICKSHINGLE.

An Interesting Experience With a Man of Extensive Family.

"When I was in the newspaper business at East Brady, Pa., said Grandfather Lickshingle, "I had an odd experience which I thought you might wish to make a note of."

The reporter said the paper was very much crowded these days, but Grandfather went on:

"I was sitting in the office one day, when a tall, raw-boned, rugged-looking old man came in. He wanted to trade a load of wood for some job work, but we had been trading job work and subscriptions for wood for the past six months and had all we wanted. I struck him for the job on a cash basis, and he began to talk.

"He said he wanted a card about eight by twelve inches with the inscription printed on it:

J. C. K.
THE FATHER OF 34 CHILDREN.

"He knew more about the wood business than he did about printing and was afraid that thirty-four children were too many to get on such a small card. He would have the card made larger, but he wanted it to hang across his breast when he had his picture taken. He was getting tolerably well along in years, and some of his neighbors thought it would be a good thing if he would have his picture taken with this card on his breast, to leave as a proud legacy to his children and his children's children.

"I saw there was at least a good item for me in this incident," continued Grandfather, "and I encouraged the old man to talk. I asked him if he was the original 'J. C. K.' He said he had that honor. His name was J. C. Kirkwood, and he was, in fact, as he wished printed on the card, the father of thirty-four children. I asked him if he had thought the matter over carefully, and if he was ready to go on record to that effect. He said he had given the matter thought and was ready to be placed on record.

"We agreed on the price, after some dickering, and Mr. Kirkwood went out to sell his wood while the card was being printed. He came back at the appointed time, got his card, paid for it, and proceeded to the photograph gallery. In half an hour he came with a tintype in his hand, and the maddest man, I think, in the county. The letters on the card were reversed in the picture, and the inscription read backward.

"Mr. Kirkwood had got a tintype instead of a photograph, for economical reasons, and a tintype being a negative picture the letters were, of course, reversed, and the effect was not what the old man had expected. He accused me of having palmed off a lot of 'left-handed type' on him, and declared if we did not print him a card in right-handed type he would clean out our bunko print-shop in what he designated as a 'holy second.'

"I explained the situation to him as best I could," concluded grandfather, "and after much difficulty convinced him that the fault was in the picture and not in the printing. But rather than spend money on another picture he concluded to keep the tintype; and that is why the Kirkwood family living near East Brady has an interesting family record which reads backward."—N. Y. World.

HE WAS IN TROUBLE.

A Verdant Jerseyman Encounters a Benevolent Gothamite.

He came over from Jersey City, but hung around the station on this side so long that an officer finally asked if he was in trouble.

"I think I am—I really think I am," was the reply. "Look at this twenty-dollar bill and tell me if it is all right."

"Well, take it to the ticket-window," replied the officer. And the bill was no sooner presented there than the agent said it was bad.

"Coming over on the boat," said the man, as he received the bill back, "a young man asked me to change it, so that he could give a poor widow five dollars. I gave him four fives."

"I see."

"And it was a swindle on me."

"You bet."

"Well, it's wrong, very wrong. It is absolutely without excuse. No man with any respect for himself would do such a thing."

"No."

"And, do you know, since my suspicions about the bill were confirmed, that I have an idea he went and passed off a dollar bill on that poor widow for a five. Probably had it folded up in his hand and reached it out, and said how glad he was to help her, and he hoped she would get along all right, and thus got credit for four dollars extra. It's wrong, sir, it's against all principle, and no man who does it can prosper. Yes, sir, I'll stick to it that no man with any standing in the community should thus demean himself. Yes, sir, it is a pernicious example for our youth, sir, and it ought to be stopped at once—at once!"

And he walked stiffly away and refused to be comforted.—N. Y. Sun.

—A lady residing at Eaglevillo, tried an experiment with eggs and gas. She put thirteen eggs into a basket near the stove, and in twenty-three days nine healthy young chickens were brought out. She changed the eggs every few days, dipping them in water. The result shows that an incubator can be had in every house where natural gas is available.

—The Columbus Southern railroad follows in a straight line the trail of the Indians 100 years ago. It also follows the path taken by General Andrew Jackson in his march to Florida in 1818. At that time he camped for the night at what is now the present village of Sasser. Blazes made by him are now seen on some of the trees along the route.

—An elephant in Philadelphia died suddenly the other day from enlargement of the heart. Its heart was found to be abnormally large. It more than filled a washtub and weighed 182 pounds. The big-hearted but unfortunate animal was 114 years old.

QUININE A CURE-ALL.

Where Cinchona Bark Is Obtained and How It Is Marketed.

Of the thousands who say quinine is "good for every thing," few are aware that its introduction into the pharmacopœia is of comparatively recent date. Quinine is one of the most common of homeopathic drugs and is used for all ailments. It is an alkaloid obtained from the cinchona bark, whose wonderful properties as a tonic became known about 1637. At that time the Countess of Cinchon, Vice-Queen of Peru, was very ill with a lingering fever, and the best medical men of South America were in attendance and had almost despaired of the Countess' recovery. One day a washerwoman appeared at the palace gate and gave the Countess' maid a bark which she directed to be given to her mistress. The Countess rallied, and in a short time recovered. The strange bark was then called cinchona bark, whose praises the Vice-Queen was always singing.

Quinine came into general use in Europe about the close of the seventeenth century, and for about one hundred years the Europeans were dependent upon a few South American States for their supply, which was very meager, as Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, which were the chief producers, were continually wrangling with each other. Their squabbles prevented the natives gathering cinchona bark, and often in a few weeks the price of quinine would fluctuate several dollars a pound. These petty states monopolized the trade in the severest manner, and the poor bark-gatherers were compelled to sell their stuff for whatever the government chose to give, and at present the South American States levy a duty on all the bark exported.

The Europeans soon became tired of this way of securing their supply and the Dutch were the first, after years of experimenting, to succeed in breaking the South American monopoly. They found that the tree would grow in the East Indies. The English Government, jealous of their rival's success, sent out numerous expeditions to investigate the whole subject and see whether or not the trees could be transplanted, and this was successfully done after many trials in northern India.

Although the trees flourished where they had been transplanted the Dutch encountered other obstacles. It was found that the bark of the same species of trees was of very irregular quality, and although it all looked alike it often required a chemical analysis to ascertain its value. Some barks yield as high as thirteen per cent. alkaloids, upon which the value of cinchona depends.

The season for gathering the bark begins in August and lasts till October or November, according to the weather. After it is stripped from the tree it has to be thoroughly dried and then packed in ceroons of moistened cowhide or in bales of heavy sacking. Most of these are branded with trademarks. Some of these have attained considerable reputation, and any bark in the bales so named can be relied upon. It is claimed that there is a great deal of trickery used in the trade, as inferior or worthless barks are sometimes skillfully mixed with good barks, and the difference is so slight that all the imports are analyzed before they are accepted.

During the prevalence of la grippe in this city the supply of quinine became practically exhausted. Most of the stock was held by a large retail druggist, who sold all he had for double the normal price.

Quinine is generally taken in two-grain capsules or in a powder with water or whisky. The first way is peferable, as it does away with any disagreeable taste.

The annual consumption of quinine in the United States is about 45,000,000 grains, and the trade here and abroad is almost entirely in the hands of a monopoly, whose great factory is located in Mannheim Germany.—Chicago Times.

A Deep Laid Scheme.

"Pardon me, madam, said the tramp, lifting a greasy wreck of a hat from a shaggy head, "but may I ask if you have any cold hominy to spare a hungry man? The lady who lives next door kindly told me she thought hominy was about all you had for breakfast this morning and you would doubtless let me have a portion of what was left."

"Certainly, my poor man," replied the lady, feelingly, "we have plenty of cold hominy. You can have a whole plateful. I will bring it to you. Excuse me a moment."

The tramp walked slowly out to the gate, marked a warning hieroglyphic on the gate-post, shouldered his bundle and trudged on.

"Dag-gone her everlasting picture!" he said, bitterly, "it was a put-up job."—Chicago Tribune.

China's Progressive Emperor.

The young Emperor of China is displaying a good deal of vigor as a reformer. He is inquiring into every department of his government, and is issuing orders for the removal of abuses. He recently published a decree requiring periodical returns relating to the strength of the army, in order to prevent officers from drawing pay for troops which did not exist. He has also abolished a large number of unnecessary Government places in the provinces. He has attacked the Pekin police for their negligence and has ordered the provinces to reform their police service. Altogether he bids fair to be a progressive and enlightened potentate. Meanwhile he is at odds with his mother and his new wives.—Detroit Free Press.

He Was Impecunious.

Tonsorial Artist (insinuatingly)—But your hair, sir, comes clear down to your coat-collar.

Stubborn Victim—In that case I'll have the coat-collar cut down.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

—The reporter wrote about "expectant throngs" at the race course. The intelligent compositor, aided and abetted by the proof-reader, made it read "expectorant throngs." But the ladies who were present at the races declared that it was the only paper that got it just right.—Boston Transcript.

TO PRESERVE BEAUTY.

A Popular Actress Tells How to Secure Facial Perfection.

Certain things must be borne in mind by her who would, in homely phrase, "keep her looks." She must on rising bathe her whole body in tepid water, following it by a brisk rubbing with a soft towel. She must exercise as freely as possible, eat at regular hours, avoid cosmetics, save those of the simplest order, and in all things be governed by common sense and the primary principles, now well understood by most people, of hygiene. Regarding exercise, that chief promoter of beauty, every day in the year when the weather will permit every woman who wishes to preserve her health and beauty should take a brisk walk of an hour's or two hours' duration. This is the very least the sensible woman will do.

A couple of hours' daily practice with the fencing foils is very advantageous. It is only by the exercise of great care, which in another woman would be set down to the credit of overweening vanity, that an actress preserves her good looks more than any other person. She is subject to constant, harassing work and weary travel, and consequently if she would preserve any semblance of good looks she must take proper care of herself. The constant use of grease-paint will work havoc with any complexion. Much can be done, however, to counteract the bad effects. Immediately after the performance the actress who is careful will cover her face with a layer of vaseline, which is well rubbed in. The face must then be thoroughly washed with hot (not warm) water and soap, or if there is an objection to the use of soap on the face, a little milk may be added to the water. This washing can not be too thorough. Most women as a finishing touch pass a powder-puff lightly over the face, but I am inclined to be chary of the use even of the simplest cosmetics and to trust rather to plenty of water, followed by a brisk rubbing with a soft towel.

Good living is favorable to good looks, so some one has said.

Women who live well remain young much longer than those who do not. "They have brighter eyes, fresher skins, and firmer muscles."

Such being the case, diet as an aid to beauty seems to me an important subject. The depression of the muscles causes wrinkles, those dreaded enemies of beauty. Hence every woman should eat to keep the muscles firm and full. A fine, clear complexion can not be obtained without good digestion, and the first part of the digestive process is mastication. Therefore eat slowly, and moisten each morsel thoroughly with saliva before swallowing. Overeating is a source of facial and bodily disfigurement, just as gluttony is, relatively, a source of disease.—Rose Coghlan, in Chicago Tribune.

PLANNING A CAMPAIGN.

Emigrants That Will Not Come Among Us to Farm or to Build.

A foreigner who proposes, if possible, to emigrate to this country is said to have held a conference recently with one of his race who had already been here. If this statement is true, the people of the United States have reason to be deeply concerned, for these emigrants do not come among us to farm, or to build or to vote.

Their business is to kill, and they do their work well. Their power, silent and sure, is more deadly than that of cannon or dynamite; they spare neither the young nor the old; their track across the continent is marked by black lines of graves.

One of the parties to this reported conference was the vigorous young comma bacillus, or cholera microbe. Probably none of our readers have ever seen this creature, or even its picture, but it lives and moves to do a deadlier work than the fabled dragons of old times.

"My ancestors," it is reported to have said, "crossed the sea to the New World again and again, and counted their victims by thousands and tens of thousands. What chance is there for me now? My race has the power to reproduce itself to an illimitable extent. If I can make my way from Persia across Europe and the Atlantic, I can increase by the millions should the conditions prove favorable. I can double the death rate in a summer."

His companion was the microbe of the influenza. Its picture has not been drawn by scientific men. It has just finished a triumphant march over Europe and this continent, leaving disease and wasted vitality and death behind it. Soldiers and infants, empresses and paupers, as we all know, were among its victims.

"The field is ready for you in America," it said. "Young and old there exhaust their vital forces by excessive work or excessive play, by incessant struggles to be rich, or by drink. On the farms and in country villages little attention is paid to drainage; garbage, manure heaps and other abominations are left to fester under the hot sun. In some of the great cities sewer gas pollutes the air; in others the drinking water is foul with corruption; in all of them the people listen with good-humored indifference to the warnings of scientific men."

"It is pure air, cleanliness and temperate living that kill me," said the deadly microbe; "but I foresee great triumphs yonder. I shall have thousands of victims!" and he prepared for his departure.

"A fable!" says the reader. "No such conference was ever held." It may be so, but a fable is a story that has a moral.—Youth's Companion.

Materials for Summer Millinery.

Materials for summer hats and bonnets are unusually varied and charming. There are gold and silver embroidered crepons, nets and gauze, lovely China crepes and crepe lisses, stamped and embroidered with shadowy Pompadour devices, to be combined with rich bordered velvets, beaded tulles, and an endless and beautiful variety of trimming laces, falloons, gimps and Gothe and Vandyke bands and ornaments. A feature of the importation of French flowers is their wonderful coloring and their very artistic branching and grouping to accord with the new striking color-mixtures in recherche summer toilets.—N. Y. Post.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Bible has been translated into sixty-six of the languages and dialects of Africa.

—One-half the population of Japan is in the southern part, but the most of the missionary work has been done in the northern-central portions of the empire.

—The first missionary arrived in Corea in 1884; the first convert was baptized in 1886. Now there are more than 100 Christians in the country.

—According to the Book Buyer there were 377 works on theology and religion published in 1886, 351 in 1887, 482 in 1888, and 363 in 1889.

—Rev. J. L. Dearing says the eagerness of the Japanese for Christianity is overstated. They are eager for education, but Christianity is a stumbling-block to many.

—An association of teachers of girls' schools was lately organized at Madras, India, with forty-five members. Mrs. Isabel Brander, who originated the idea, was elected president.

—The Baptist denomination in Liberia is the only self-supporting religious body in that country. There are thirty-one churches with 3,000 members. They have a mission among the aborigines.

—The Topeka "Capital" (Kansas) says: "The teacher ought to make a continuous study of means for best applying the rudiments of education in building up men and women fit for the practical work of life."

—The Methodist Church has decided to build a college in Kansas City, Kan. Property worth about $1,000,000 has been acquired there and the educational committee of the church recently met to arrange for the erection of a suitable building.

—The British and Foreign Bible Society has, during the eighty-one years of its existence, issued from its London house alone 29,000,000 of complete Bibles, nearly 32,000,000 of New Testaments, and 11,845,000 portions of the Bible. This makes a total of 72,500,000 books issued from the London headquarters.—Christian at Work.

—One of the most encouraging features of the great movement of modern missions is the growing enthusiasm among medical and other students in this and other countries. Fifty years ago medical missionaries were almost unheard of; now a missionary society without its medical missionaries can scarcely be found.—London Christian.

—Outside of the thousands of churches in London, there are five hundred missionary workers. Each missionary calls on five hundred families every month. They visit the slums and rum-holes, and are subjected to many dangers. During the warm season open-air meetings are held every day and night on the streets and in the parks.—Church of To-day.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Many a man is ready to raise an objection who couldn't raise a cent.—Texas Siftings.

—Gossips serve Satan without the intervention of a formal contract.—Milwaukee Journal.

—Sell your confidence at a high price, if at all; to be strong keep your own counsel.—Dumas.

—It is hard to be grateful to the man who fought your battle for you and got licked.—Atchison Globe.

—The easiest money to spend, and the hardest money to save, is that which we have not yet earned.—N. Y. Ledger.

—We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

—It is often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgiven, but the latter being sometimes forgot.—Chesterfield.

—The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern; and to be depended upon by as many inferior as it can reach.—Ruskin.

—We can not make much of people who lack stability. And yet how many there are who have kindly instincts and good faculties in many directions, but who spoil their whole lives by simple want of earnestness.—United Presbyterian.

—The only possible cure for a bitter memory is to sweeten it in the unselfish spirit that can return good for evil. A fountain like this in any human heart will quench every burning resentment in its overflowing tide.—Journal of Commerce.

—Our chief concern in life is not with the things that are done to us, or that happen to us, but with what we do ourselves. So long as a man remains true and faithful in his relations in life, nothing can happen to him which contains any shadow of real humiliation.—Christian Union.

—Slang and exaggeration are the bane of our speech and literature. We snatch at by-sayings and phrases of double meaning rather than sift our ideas and make careful selection of language for the conveyance of thought. Plain words lose their meaning, become too weak to go alone, and have to be bolstered up by adjectives.—Marion Harland.

—How little is known of what is in the bosom of those around us. We might explain many a coldness could we look into the heart concealed from us. We should often pity where we hate, love where we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

Electricity in the Navy.

There is a proposition before Congress to appropriate $250,000 to pay the cost of experiments to test the utility of electric moters as applied to the steering, lighting and ventilating of naval vessels; for pumping and hoisting and for handling marine ordnance and ammunition, and generally to testing the efficiency of electrical power as applied to marine architecture. These experiments are to be conducted under the direction and control of the Secretary of the Navy, who is authorized to detail officers and designate places and vessels for the work.—American Analyst.